

MY DAUGHTER IS STUDYING LATIN

amo amas amat ...
terra terrae terrae ...
veni vidi but i never did
quite vici.

i studied latin for five years,
in freshman year eight periods a week.
father paret, a good jesuit,
played basketball with us
and got our tests back after lunch.
later he went to teach in puerto rico.

my daughter may be in the only latin class
in orange county. she knows it makes me happy.
i learned nothing better in my jesuit years
than conjugations and declensions, except, perhaps,
how to shoot a hook shot.

at forty i can still shoot hook shots
in my sleep, sing carmina catulli sleeping.
soon i'll sing-shoot only in my sleep,
but i sleep more than most.

my son and i have sports in common,
although we always seem to root for different teams.
soon my daughter and i may decipher
odes and alchemies.

there are continuities beyond our ken.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT WEEK FOR A YANKEE FAN

when they swept oakland in three,
but on saturday night
i required 5 excedrin 2 darvon and a codeine
for a dying molar nerve,
on monday they did the root canal,
on thursday my back went out,
on friday i came down with the flu,
and on saturday my hemorrhoids exploded.

now my baby son has pink-eye.
after i catch it
i'll have two pink eyes
and one angry red one.